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By A Soldier Doctor

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GONE WEST

by a SOLDIER DOCTOR

E D I T E D B Y

H. M. G. *and* M. M. H.

With a Preface by

FREDERICK W. KENDALL



New York

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*To the heroic women of the world,
the mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-
hearts who bravely sent us forth to battle
for a great cause:—we who have crossed
the Great Divide salute you.*

PREFACE

It is quite as foolish as it is unnecessary to argue the question of communication between the living and the so-called dead. So many eminent men, scientific and otherwise, like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for instance—to name two who are prominent in the public mind—have, after years of investigation, expressed their belief in the truth of this communication that we do not go far astray if we assert the establishment of this fact as a fact. However, it is not my purpose to make any argument on this point; either one believes or he does not, and that is all

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there is to it so far as the individual is concerned. And yet I would like to give to those who may read this little book, personal assurances—from one who has no material interest in its publication—that these messages were obtained absolutely in the circumstances set forth by the writers. And whether one believes or does not, I am sure that there is revealed in them a suggestion of a philosophy which can not but help those many thousands who are so heavy of heart because of what they deem the losses which the Great War has brought to them.

These letters, or messages, from a doctor-soldier who has been serving throughout the war on the spirit side, make the plea—in behalf of and at the suggestion of those brave lads who have Gone West—for a more rational acceptance of the thing we call death. This he urges, not

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only for the sake of those who are left behind, but more for the sake of those who have gone beyond and who, when they come back to the old scenes, are shocked and saddened by the despair and the grief they find, by the refusal of their dear ones to realize that life is continuing and continuous and that death is only a change and not the end.

My own observation and my experience with others have convinced me that there is not only a great need for these messages but a great demand for them. I find so many parents whose soldier boys will not come back to them in the flesh who are seeking in all directions for some word that will help them, so many who are striving, more or less blindly, for the right attitude, an attitude that will bring them some surcease of sorrow and that will at the same time enable

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them to be of help to those who have gone on.

It has been my privilege and my pleasure to have enjoyed a long personal and intimate acquaintance with both the message-giver and the message-bearers. The doctor-soldier was a man—if I speak of him here in the past tense it is only because I yield to convention—of unusual solidity of character, scientific in his habits of thought, of fine perceptions and eminently successful both in his profession and in business. His strong personality stands out in these recorded observations as distinctly as it was ever manifested while he was a part of this earth life. The associated earthly authors of this book are women of culture and the highest principles, they have long been students of psychical matters and there can be no question concerning their

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honesty of purpose or of the circumstances surrounding the production of their MS.

FREDERICK W. KENDALL,
Literary Editor,
Buffalo Sunday Express.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 10, 1919.



FOREWORD

On Lincoln's Birthday 1915, a noble gentleman passed into the unseen life. A soldier of the Civil War—later a physician—now again a Soldier Doctor in the Great World War.

A month after his crossing the "Great Divide," messages began coming back to the two women whose friendly guide he had been since childhood.

The "wireless" machine was only a pencil. The methods of sending, telepathic. The proof of his identity, convincing to those who had known and loved him.

At intervals during the three years following, the pages of this little volume were given, together with many more

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communications of a wholly personal nature.

When the war was nearing its end the Doctor urged his friends to give certain parts of his story to the world, hoping to assuage the grief of sorrowing mothers and to add a bit of cheer to the first months of his homesick boys "Over There."

For those who must be assured of identity the little episode of the ring (P. 42) may prove convincing. None of the Doctor's intimate friends however has a doubt about his return, so many and so individual have been the proofs of his personality.

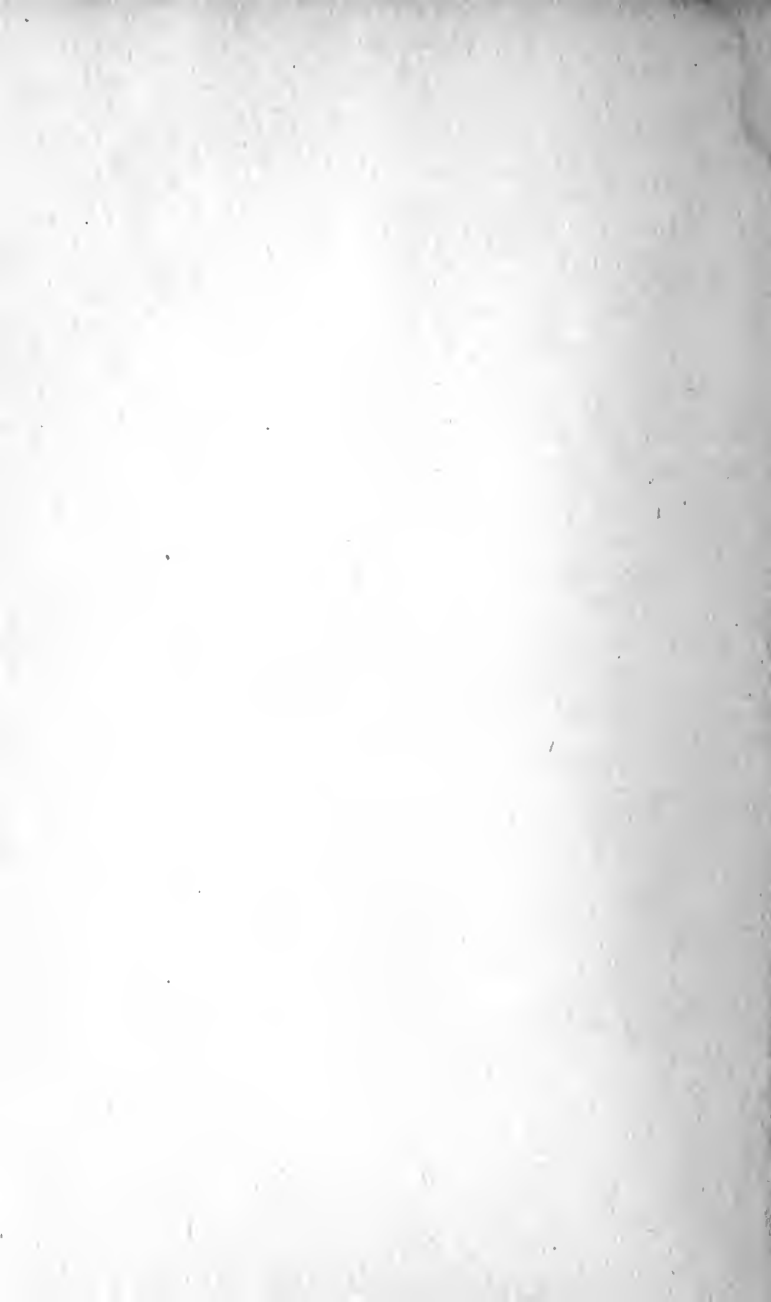
A great soul who faced the unknown bravely with an open mind, he has the courage to tell the truth as simply and fearlessly as he spoke and lived when on earth. With undimmed eyes and

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straightforward words he gives his contribution to a sorrowing world, hoping his experience in *The Great Adventure* may give solace to some, a bit of cheer to others, and teach all to keep hearts and homes happy with a cheerful welcome for the unseen guests—our soldier boys who have “Gone West.”



Part First: Pre-war Letters



MARCH 7, 1915

When you are ready to write I shall be here to give you all the glad hand, and glad it is. I never believed you really did this writing. It takes two worlds to convince a hard-headed old doubter like me.

One day in March, 1915, the amanuensis of these communications was sitting at her desk writing letters. Suddenly her pen was seized by an unseen force and the preceding words were written.

The Doctor had been dead nearly a month. Though believing intercommunication between two worlds possible, his friends hesitated to make any efforts to hear from him, knowing his attitude of mind while here was skeptical and

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feeling sure his desires and scientific turn of mind would make him investigate as soon as he was able.

He experimented with automatic writing. At first he tried to use the hand. The chirography was not unlike his own which he describes as "shaky," owing to a nervous infirmity.

Impatient to communicate faster he asked the help of a spirit friend, Gerome, who was experienced in the telepathic method, and later the Doctor mastered "the wireless" as he calls this means of sending his messages.

From a mass of material, conversational in character, his friends have culled out the following at his request, and give it in the form it was presented to them. The italics show their questions and interpolations.

Repetition, change and growth of

Gone West

opinion are obvious, but it seems wiser to let him present the story of his adventures as he gave it.

MARCH 8, 1915

My hand is still pretty shaky. *Referring to the appearance of the writing when he tried to use the hand.* Never mind, I can talk, and it's mighty good to know you know I am here. I have been with you so much I wonder if you have sensed it. Thank Heaven there isn't that awful feeling of separation I feared. It was my only reason for not wanting to leave my tired old body; and, my dear girls, when you come, see that the old garment is cremated, it's the only way. I have met people who have been here for years and they have the most peculiar clinging to their earthly bodies. It's a terrible drawback.

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Can you see us? Surely I can, as plain as day.

Did you know the day you died that you were going to die? Yes, I knew it, but my first consciousness of the transition was when I saw you standing by me holding my hand and crying. Then I said to myself "I am dead, I surely am, and I feel more alive than I have felt in years." It was mighty good not to have that awful breathing and feel those miserable legs refuse to carry me. I next saw M. and H. and J. and C. all looking at me crying and laughing. It was a reunion I can tell you. I was not very strong for a few days but I was so determined to be well that I am well now. I feel humble about offering opinions but when I could see myself grow vigorous by thinking of health I wondered if I could not have done it before. The sci-

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entific use of thought is necessary here to conduct one's life. I don't know much yet but wait a bit. I'll have worlds to tell you. Isn't it going to be fine? I can pass on all I learn. I think in my sleep I have been peeping into this life for some time, so many things seem familiar, and they tell me my transition was marvelously easy.

MARCH 11, 1915. GEROME WRITING

It has never seemed feasible to me to put into words our life over here. I couldn't see how it was going to help those on your plane, but of course it will help. I want to add a few thoughts of my own. One of them is this—when you come over don't try to get in touch with every living soul you ever knew. You meet them fast enough, those waiting for you are sufficient at first. Doctor is

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crazy to look up all his relatives, friends, acquaintances, God knows who all, and I tell him to hold on a bit. He is living in eternity and there is plenty of time coming. Now I want to help him to communicate before he is too far removed from earth thoughts, then his future experiences can be given back to you. If he doesn't learn this lesson now he may never be able to make his knowledge of any value to you.

DOCTOR WRITING

I have had a wonderful adventure. I went with M. to a temple. I supposed it to be a church but it was more on the order of a college. There was the greatest motley array of people and costumes I ever beheld. They were apparently of all nations and all ages.

I was given a seat and told to make

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no sound. They were thinking in unison and what do you think it was about? —That the war should cease on earth. They believe they can stop the European war that way. I have never supposed one could hear and see thought but above the heads of the congregation there arose a cloud of something like a vapor. It was gold in color and floated away in the direction of the war zone. They told me it would interpenetrate the layers of war thoughts and eventually dissolve them. It looked mighty fishy to me, but I left the Temple and tried to follow it.

I could see it settle in camps in the midst of France and a still queerer thing happened. It was as if two opposing armies of people met, only it was merely a mist. The gold mist began to dissolve the dull red and purple mists and when

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I left I could see spots where only the gold remained.

Now I cannot tell you I believe this was the thought force of that throng, but they tell me it was, and that these people meet every midnight for this prayer service.

GEROME COMMENTS

You see the Doctor is still skeptical about the invisible realities but when enough of them become visible to him he will decide there is something to them.

That Temple is called "The Temple of Light" because it is there great uplifting forces are started for reforms on earth. If they meet sufficient response a great movement is born in the world. The Reformation is a sample and right now we are seeing the most wonderful

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spiritual awakening the world has ever known.

Even the beginning of the Christian era could show nothing greater, for now a large proportion of the people on earth will comprehend it. We call it the age of spiritual consciousness. Materialism is to grow less and less and the spiritual verities will become more evident.

DOCTOR CONTINUES. APRIL 5, 1915

You will have real fun when you get here. Things won't surprise you as much as they do me. Our life is very normal. I heard you talking about our apparent freedom to do as we please. We do and we don't. To be sure, we have not the same family responsibilities but the more developed a soul is, the more he realizes his part in the great scheme of the universe and the more

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sacred his sense of duty to perform it.

The thing that interests me most now is the law of vibration. It is necessary to understand it to see how our worlds intermingle and still do not collide. The Astral Plane this is called.

I am beginning to sense more and more its possibilities and beauties. I shall soon have duties enough. I begin to see where my work is needed.

You girls must study thought and thought action constantly. If you could see the thought vibrations they would astound you. It is appalling to find that every single thought does something just as definitely as when you sew stitches in a garment.

I took a lesson the other day in constructive thinking. We were told to visualize a plan for a garden, see the paths, trees, flowers, etc. We closed our eyes

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and concentrated upon the plan, opened them and there it was before us, not the gardens but complete plans for them as if we had drawn them upon paper. I could take mine in my hands and file it away for reference it became so stable. It is no more surprising than that an architect should make such a plan and put it on paper with his hands, only we need not use our hands if we know how to utilize the sensitive plates for registering thoughts which we project.

Because of my interest in scientific things I have found the laboratories my first interest. Others would not be looking for just such things and would tell you different stories of their experiences.

One discovery I have made is this. On your plane you make too hard work of doing things. You think you must

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carve out everything "by the sweat of your brow." Well, you need not "sweat" so much if you would think more and rush around less. The only trouble is that you do twice as much destructive thinking as constructive. A mason who lays five hundred bricks, then pulls down four hundred wouldn't get his building very fast.

If you want a thing, picture it, hang to the invisible pattern no matter what your eyes see, and the pattern must become materialized in your vibration.

DECEMBER 6, 1915

My birthday seems to have come around again. I had almost forgotten it for I have another birthday in February which is more important now. It has been an exciting year as I look back upon it, unbelievably full of events.

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When I wrote last, you will remember I had been idly traveling, but one day last Spring I ran up against some real experiences that set me back on my old trail of doctoring. I never thought I should be at my profession again, did not suppose it would be needed here. That was one of the lessons I had to learn, everything counts.

One day I was called upon to go to France and help on the battle-fields. I had selfishly avoided them, thinking I could do no good and they would only depress me.

That night I had my awakening. It was after an awful battle. The boys were lying out on the fields waiting for help from God, Man or Devil. When I heard that despairing call I buckled on my mental armor and said to myself, "Back on the job, old man, you have no

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excuse in frailness now." I was never stronger nor more equal to the task.

I am not going into details about these last months, you couldn't stand the hearing nor I the telling. Hell! Hell! Hell! only there has been a certain joy in it all. Being of use is the secret of happiness and my small part may have helped some poor lad to leave your world with less anguish. It's the leaving that is the hardest part of it all, leaving what they think is life and what they suppose to be their only bodies. And do you know my experience as a physician has taught me much about this second birth, for birth it surely is.

All great Doctors are conscious or unconscious psychologists. The actual physical help is trivial compared to the mental therapeutics. After my first lessons in thought force I could see the an-

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alogy. My lessons have been very practical ones. Any one would learn them in this school.

After I had my bearings it wasn't so hard and would be intensely interesting if I didn't feel all the time what folly there is in the world to have caused this war. Good must come out of it, but don't delude yourselves that war is necessary; there is the better way, and the world must learn this or cease its progression.

I had too many years of enforced rest, now it is time for me to give out again and a big Duty is calling. If you want to talk to me, make appointments; a Soldier Doctor, you know, must be on duty most of the time. I can come about once a week.

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JANUARY, 1916

The psychic senses can be cultivated, give them a chance. They say the new race is to have them developed to a marvelous degree. Perhaps we shall all want to go back. I'll wait for you and we will talk it over later.

I'm off duty to-night and feel like a boy out of school. *We don't call you, fearing to interrupt vital matters.* That's right, don't do it, time enough later. You know time becomes elongated here. We do not fuss about to-day and to-morrow and it saves a lot of worry. Half of the trouble in the world, as I think it over now, was caused by fussing over the things we didn't get done that day. That is one of the silliest notions of your old world.

Do you want to talk about the war?

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It's hard to talk about it; we are too near its carnage. At last I am beginning to get some other points of view. At first all I could see was the useless butchery. Now I understand more of the causes and though I do not believe such things should be, I know what has brought them about and where the world is trending. It is the birth of many things and the death of many curses to mankind.

It is suggested that Lincoln is watching over our country. Yes, that I too have heard. I have seen him once, but I felt so great an awe of him I could not greet him. He appears a much more exalted soul here than while living on earth.

Are you working in France? Mostly, but not entirely. I have offered my services as a physician should, where

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they are most needed. Last month I was in Serbia.

I am looking forward to the day when these trying events will be over and we can go on with our communications. They will become easier as time goes on, because of conditions with which we have nothing to do. Instead of getting farther apart we shall draw nearer. It may not be this year nor next but it is coming.

FEBRUARY 26, 1916

This wireless communication is not as strange as it seems and is a great comfort for the few of us who can use it. I was telling some people here about it the other day and you should have seen their amazement. Just as incredulous as they are with you. It doesn't make much difference where you live. Knowledge

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does not come because one has lost his earthly body. Were it not for H. I do not suppose I could have had this pleasure and it is the greatest comfort. We get as homesick as you. I have even been guilty of wanting to go back into my old cumbersome body which would never obey my wishes. Not now however; when one finds out how to use this more ethereal body it grows in wonder and delight. I ran about at first for the mere pleasure of running, more correctly, thought myself places. It took a time to find out how it was done, but when I grasped it there was nothing gave me so much pleasure as the annihilation of distance.

In answer to a question regarding a battle. It looks as though the Germans were winning, but all the time we are told the Allies will come out ahead.

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Those on my plane of vision get very little more light than you, though there are seers who prophesy. I suppose they see more or else they guess better.

We are not only kept busy helping people to be born here but in enlightening their minds as to the causes and results of their fighting. Our chief efforts are to change their hatred into tolerance and understanding. They are instructed, thousands at a time.

I told you I was going to take Peggy to the battle-fields. Well, I have done it and she was a little hero. I really dreaded the first sight of war for her, but we began with the hospitals. I then handed over a patient or two to give her mind definite work that the horrors would not be so overwhelming. She is a wonderful girl and will be a real god-

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send. I need not have worried. She will spend only a part of her time with us but will do her share from now on.

Peggy was a young college girl of whom the Doctor was very fond. She died about six months after his death.

Since my enlistment I have gone only where I have been most needed. We are organized for work and I have given my aid to severely wounded soldiers who were having difficulty in being released from their bodies. Some are killed instantly and others aid them. Then there are many kinds of prolonged dying. I have had some very trying cases where it was nip and tuck which way they went. When their bodies are too shattered I help to release them. Yes, it is queer but not more so than birth into your world. The whole amazing process is

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queerer than queer. One might as well decide everything is natural; the more astounding the more natural. When the war is over I shall have time to go on with my investigations. I had enough shown me to find out I knew nothing at all. Apparently we start school in the kindergarten grade when we leave the earth.

MARCH 18, 1917

Here we are again around the yellow lamp. I like to come to the old house the best of all. I feel more at home here than anywhere on earth. It is queer how places cling to one. I haven't much feeling about the other houses where I lived. I suppose because no one I care for is in them now. I often drop in and sit in my old chair. I can still feel and enjoy it.

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MARCH 25, 1918

During the Spring Drive when sons of his old friends were leaving for France.

I have given my time since I came over to helping any one who needed me, but now I shall have my adopted family of boys. It will be a joy to me and perhaps some comfort to you mothers.

You might as well give up having nerves over the war news. It is going to be worse and this is only the beginning of terrible battles. No human being can stop it, but Right will prevail. The end is not in sight from my limited vision; we get rumors from high sources and there may be wise ones who know, but I am not one of them.

Be as philosophical as you can, know it is a Holy War, that the lads coming over here are living their lives just as

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surely, and because of their sacrifice in a much finer sense, than could be achieved by two lifetimes on earth. They will know what the wisest Masters have taken centuries to learn, the supreme good of self-sacrifice. That is the great initiation which only those worthy are permitted to take, and whether they live on your plane or this, they will never be the same again.

The boys will keep their own spirits pure for the service they are called upon to give. They must go as the Knights of old, with but one vision before them, "For God and Country." This sounds like preaching, but, my dears, it is a solemn hour.

I now know this war is a privilege, not the calamity I first thought it. The race is permitted to have its Gethsemane and Crucifixion, but the hour of Resurrec-

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tion is nearer than you dream. It is good to live and have enough knowledge to see it. Keep the eyes of your soul clear. Don't be blinded by the visible, you are not living in a material but in a spiritual universe.

RING EPISODE

One evening when H. expressed a desire for more proofs of identity not too personal to be included in this book the Doctor wrote,—

“Many years ago I gave a stone to M., telling her to have it set in a ring for one of her children. She is not thinking of it now; see if she can revive her memory.”

Surprised she had never heard of this bequest, from her friend, H. made inquiries.

M. corroborated the statement, told the interesting story connected with the stone and asked H. to go to her safe deposit box, which she did with a witness and verified the existence of the diamond,

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read its history and the directions for its resetting.

It had been given the mother in trust for her daughter ten years previously; it was referred to just before the Doctor's death and its history written down and placed in the safe deposit box with the stone about a year before the above communication.



Part Second: The Message



Up to this time the writings given were conversational in nature and the Doctor's friends did not seriously consider publishing them. In October, 1918, he again wrote after six months of silence, due largely to his intense and absorbing labors on the battle-fields of France.

At this time he signified a desire to write "A book for his boys" as soon as leisure permitted. This did not occur until after the signing of the armistice, November 11th.

For a few visits he seemed too weary to begin this definite work and confined his communications to personal affairs, but on the evening of November 25th he began to write the following series of messages.

NOVEMBER 25, 1918

When a great cataclysm occurs the world begins to take cognizance of itself and wonders why and wherefor and whither. In our easy thoughtless living before this great war not many of us thought of a next chapter. We died of course, but when we go out single file, as it were, we are not brought up standing with the chasm opening wide before the whole nation. To see our lads in the very beginning of life, with every reason for living, suddenly face about and take what appeared to be a plunge into oblivion, made even the most complacent of us take stock of our beliefs to see if we had a faith which could penetrate the great mists surrounding the mystery and

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carry us beyond our vision into a land of reality.

We, from our side, have felt as perplexed as you, knowing full well the agony, for we see it doubly; the aching hearts among you and the homesick boys here. All the more tragic because "Here" and "There" are so inter-related there really is no separation.

That is my reason for asking you to write down a few chapters of comfort for the mothers and fathers of our so-called dead, which may awaken them to a consciousness of the reality of their boys' nearness, and help the boys through the first months of sorrow over the separation.

That is not an orthodox view, I know; until coming over I had supposed one would be in a state of coma or blissfully happy in a condition totally unlike any-

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thing on earth. Neither is true, and though the truth may not please those who have hard and fast opinions, I know there are many hungry souls wanting only the truth and glad to get it even at the expense of a lost conviction.

The war had been going on over a year when I first went to France for definite work. I frankly confess I dreaded going, fearing what I knew so well; seeing lads dying on the battle-fields and feeling helpless to aid them. The memory of my own experiences in the Civil War was still vivid.

I had, as you know, been a physician, but how that profession could now alleviate pain, I a "wraith" ministering to a physical human being, I could not understand.

You girls remember my own passing. I have given you my impressions as they

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came to me. When I found myself out of my old body but still walking about in one quite as good, I felt like the old lady in the nursery rhyme, "Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I." It was surely I, the very same man slightly improved when I considered my past infirmities and my present freedom from earth limitations. You have the MSS. of those experiences, use them as you like. You know how I gradually found myself; how my powers returned only greatly increased; my first lessons in thought force; my visit to the Temple of Light and then—The Call. My guides insisted I must soon go to France. When I was told the day had arrived I shall never forget my consternation—not that I was unwilling, but because of my misgivings over what I could do to be of service.

One night (we have day and night as

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you do) my guide announced I was needed and would be given my commission in the army of workers. Then for the first time I realized that work on this side was organized even more carefully than on yours. I was given a uniform, a title even, as an experienced physician, and told to take an apprenticeship course before going over seas.

After that I found myself following my guide on what seemed a long journey; it now appears to be as swift as a wireless message.

I was given hospital duties, next was taken to the fields after the battles. Then as my experience gave me courage I went through the battle with the boys, doing my small part to guide them, care for them when fallen, and prevent dissolution when possible. All of this may seem the ramblings of a lunatic to some,

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but when one begins to realize that law is law, here or there, it may not seem so strange, for your world and ours are so much alike our boys often do not know in which they are living.

A physician has a wonderful opportunity to know the psychology of it all and from mysteries one begins to see analogy, and that life is simple. It is only our bewilderment that makes so great a complexity out of every-day happenings.

This life is more interesting and vital than yours for one marked reason, we are not so continually thwarted in our plans and aspirations. Not but that one must give up one's desires and follow some Divine plan, but our plans seem to coincide with the Divine plans more often than when in the earth life. Still, it may all be a state of mind, for I remember one man who had a continual

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grouch because nothing was the way he wanted or expected it to be.

That is the secret of happiness, to keep the open mind and obey the law. The more prejudices and false conceptions in your life the harder the readjustment here.

I often wonder how people get on at all who come fully expecting to meet God face to face, to be sent to a comfortable Heaven or an uncomfortable Hell. It must be discouraging to find out you simply go on from yesterday very much as you did from other yesterdays with one marked difference—you can immediately see the power of thought. One speculates upon it when on earth. Here, one is always conscious of it. Many come who are not developed sufficiently to understand so it may seem incomprehensible to them.

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Our worlds are really one, we see the astral or real side of the same objects you behold and even enjoy many of the same pleasures, notably music, though our ears are attuned to many higher vibrations of sounds which are not revealed to you. You can never know what Divine harmony is, till you come over. I want you to see that life is life wherever found, and to-morrow for you, here or there, will only be changed as you interpret the changes by the development of your own souls.

I plan to give you a few tales about my boys—you can put each one in a chapter if you like—edit them as seems best, only I beg of you give enough to a starving world to comfort some poor soul, and let me be able to tell the boys I have done my best.

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One night shortly after taking up my post near the front lines I noticed a man in distress not far from the German wire. On going over I found an English boy still alive who, in the darkness, had not been discovered by the aid sent out to search the ground. It was one of those cases I have told you about, where the spirit had really left the body, but the little thread had not been broken.

Here was my first experiment alone; heretofore in reviving a patient I usually had been able to work with some physician in the hospitals, a much simpler task.

There was nothing to do but go to work. I shall not explain the process, for it would have little meaning to you now, but I brought him back, was able to impress a Red Cross stretcher bearer with the idea of making a search in this

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particular spot and the boy was rescued.

How that experience did hearten me up! From that day on I have had courage to tackle any job given me, but I regret to say I have not always been able to keep them in their bodies after the separation has been prolonged or the body made useless by too violent shock.

As I look back over my years of army service I now think the simple work of helping keep soul and body together the easiest I have had to accomplish.

The hardest has been when lads would come to me knowing they could not go back, and sob their hearts out with grief.

Death is painless particularly when not combated, and that does not happen in battle, but the mental agony of coming away from one's world of pleasures and friends and all one holds dear is pretty severe.

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After my first days on the battle-fields I found I was up against the hardest problem I ever tried to solve. Boys would come to me for advice and information. Were they dead when they felt just the way they did last night before the battle knocked them out?

Their bewilderment when I explained the transition was pitiful, but they are plucky fellows if ever such have lived.

I finally decided hedging or evading the question was not the kind thing so I boldly told them they had lost their old bodies; that they were still living in one they had brought with them, for the soul is always clothed, and they were never more alive in this or any other world.

Death has no terrors for most of these lads, but this new condition is always perplexing and is made doubly hard by their relatives at home. In the first place they

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are too sad to give any comfort to their boys. Then very few know what you knew when I came over. And worst of all, even if they do sense a word spoken by their boys, they don't know they are speaking and very few give them any chance to make themselves known.

It is hard to tell a mother her son is dead, but I believe it is more difficult to tell that same boy he has passed out of earth life when he doesn't recognize it for himself, which is a very usual occurrence. One night a whole company of boys found themselves together after a battle and seriously believed they were still in their old condition, until one of them discovered his coat was not torn as it had been an hour before. He began investigating his raiment and finally startled the whole group with "Say, fellows, we're dead." I wish you could

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have seen how mad they all were, only they thought he had gone insane.

After awhile the truth dawned upon them and I explained how natural the transition was.

They do not all have the calm resigned attitude toward the change that is commonly attributed to them. I have found the first thing which rouses them to any interest in their new life is to show them how easy it is to transport one's self from one part of the world to another. That is a joy and at first a constant wonder to us.

After the boys make that discovery they very naturally want to go home and see their families. I always dread that moment, for if anything is distressing in life it is to be near those we love and not be recognized.

Although I do not believe constant in-

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tercommunication is advisable, I do think a certain amount of it is legitimate and should be cultivated for the time when separation from our dear ones seems unbearable. You know how much easier it was for you to stand our separation because of your certainty I was near and could talk to you. It takes the horrible, haunting fear of silence from our hearts. Even with the chance of occasional errors I believe it to be a worthy study, for the hour will come to every one of us when this touching of thoughts is a real life saver.

Most families can get into communication with their boys and give them the cheer and comfort they need if they will only give up their blind prejudices. I know many believe spiritistic communication to be of the Devil. Why not try the Spirits as Paul advised?

Gone West

Of course everybody is not a medium but after hundreds of experiments I am inclined to think that nearly every one has the power latent in him, and many are highly developed who do not realize their powers. Take this crude little table: when two or more form a complete circuit of electric current we can use it easily. Of course the difficulty then is in being sure of identity, and also the conversation must be limited to "Yes," "No" or "I don't know," except for the varied vibrations which you have sensed. Sit quietly—find two who can get some response from the table tipping, then do not accept every tip as the gospel truth. There are thousands of chances for errors, but test out your answers. Gradually agree on signals to be given by your own friends and always experiment with the writing.

Gone West

As you know, we do not use your hand, only surround you with the currents of ether which clarify our messages, then give them telepathically.

I prefer the writing, but there again I find only a few know they have the ability and there is every chance for deception. But wanting a perfect instrument, should we despise what we have? I for one think not.

I have never seen any harm come to any one, beyond an occasional deception, by trying these experiments, and I know as a fact that hundreds of our boys have been made supremely happy and content to go on with the great life before them because their dear ones recognize, help and sympathize with them.

You should know how to protect yourselves from mischievous spirits after a little experience, then for God's sake let

Gone West

our boys have the comfort of knowing you want to feel the touch of their hands and the communion of the spirit which is all that holds the universe together.

Beg your friends to give up some of their old fears and false ideas and let in the sunlight of truth.

It is not necessary to go to public mediums, I would say it were better to avoid them.

Let me give you the story of John. That isn't his name but it will do for the little tale. I found him one day looking disconsolately at his old pals who could not see or recognize him. Taking him by the arm I said we'd have a little talk. "Don't you want to go home and see the folks?" I asked. He sadly shook his head; "No use, even mother just sits and cries and won't or can't see me, and the whole family is so covered with

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gloom I'd rather stay here; the fellows are cheerful at least." "All right, old man, but you may be able to change that. Come along with me." I took him to the house one of those nights when I gave you some bits of my life here. You never saw such a change in a fellow. His one idea was to have his family know they could get the same sort of messages. He begged me to tell them—to tell you to make somebody write a book. Well, this little volume is really the outcome of the chat we had that night, and when the book is published he and I will see that his mother gets it.

I think I have said enough of the why-fors. Now I shall go on to some little tales of life's continuing, for, as I said, we are just the same the day after we come over as the day before on earth. In fact we are on earth, only we are not

Gone West

hampered by your vibration of materiality; ours is finer, more tenuous, and is not interfered with by your solidity.

Our world seems as real to us as yours does to you and as far as I can learn it is more enduring. Of course we do not stay eternally on this Astral Plane, but as long as ties bind us, and work calls us, we continue our lives very near you in reality, as well as mentally and spiritually. The only cause of the separation is the mental attitude of the people on earth. Beg them to ponder on that.

When the boys first come over we take them to a beautiful place to rest up a bit. Many souls need a long period for this recuperation, but I find most of the soldiers ready in a few days to go back to duty.

One interesting psychological study for me has been the spiritual advance the

Gone West

boys have attained in making the supreme sacrifice. It is as if a bit of heavenly grace had been cast upon them, and I am told by the Masters that many a soul has progressed more through that one achievement by way of spiritual growth than in several incarnations.

As you know, I have had little time or opportunity to delve into the deep problems of life's progression, but soon I am to begin the study for which I have longed ever since coming over.

A soldier here is as a soldier with you, under orders. I have not yet received my discharge.

I wish you could see the little group of boys who are here to-night. They are so hungry for a human word from your world they begged to be allowed to stay. I have told them to keep quiet as mice

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and I'll permit them to hang about for awhile. They find a home with some women folks in it and even a pussy cat, who recognize that they are here and give them a welcome, such a wonderful experience they would stay forever.

It is hard for us to remember how stupid and blind we were before coming over. Of course we have the advantage of seeing you and hearing your voices. I often wonder how it is possible so few of you can sense our nearness, but I believe you deliberately kill that heavenly gift.

Children and animals are more sensitive than older people, but a child who plays with an invisible companion is usually laughed out of its knowledge and enjoyment of its psychic experiences.

Now for another story from real life—believe me it is much more real a life

Gone West

than yours. We do not have such impossible barriers separating us from our past and future as you have, or have made yourselves believe you have.

This boy's experience made a deep impression on me because of the way he died; perhaps not unusual but worth recording.

It was during a battle he was struck by shrapnel, and while still running, came over. He continued his flight toward the enemy, whom he soon met coming toward him in the same aggressive way—two combatants met and thought they were in deadly battle when they discovered they had lost their earth bodies. Each made the discovery about the same time. Their astonishment caused a cessation in hostilities and I met them looking at one another in a bewildered sheepish manner. Finally the Yankee held

Gone West

out his hand and the German took it sadly.

"How foolish it all is," said my American friend—"Ja, ja, Gott help us poor fools," was all the German could answer.

Somehow in that little interchange of thought I found the whole sum and substance of the inanity of wars—so terrible and so utterly foolish.

If it were not for the future I see ahead of our boys because of their sacrifice made for the great ideals I could never feel reconciled to the horrors I have witnessed.

Boys are just boys, of whatever nationality, and I have begun to feel deeper sorrow for the German lads than for any. They fought because they were forced to it, and so far can see no reward from any source.

I don't want my little stories to grow

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too gloomy, and picture only the unhappy side of our life here. Whenever you go to a professional medium and ask for a departed friend, I remember the unfailing answer was, "Yes, I am happy." I would not make your losses seem greater by telling you the boys are wretched because they are here. That is not true. Life here is glorious. Each day has its delights, greater than on earth, for one is not weighed down with so many perplexing duties. My only reason for dwelling on the unhappiness I have witnessed is to try and change the attitude of mind and the appalling lack of sympathy the families left behind exhibit. Now some will say I am heartless. Far from it. I must arouse some enlightened people to their duty and this little plea is only for a fair investigation. Keep the open mind.

Gone West

How many shut their vision in behind shutters of ancient prejudice until no light can penetrate. Strange to say it is usually the most intellectual who so greatly lack wisdom.

I cannot think of a more important subject than to explain something about the first problems which confront us here. One comes over with preconceived ideas which are mostly false. That is where a baby arriving in your world has the advantage. He isn't expected to know anything.

We are just as we were a few moments before making the great change, and the fact that conditions are different is not apparent to us at first. The beliefs we bring with us color our first experiences and often make rapid growth impossible. For instance, do you remember how Mrs.

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M. believed she could not walk? Having lived in a wheeled chair for years it was no wonder her belief did not change until it was proved to her she was no longer bound by earth conditions. The same was true of me in regard to locomotion and also in the fulfillment of my desires.

I had regular lessons in the use of thought as a force. First I was shown how one could see thoughts—they are visible, colored vibrations. Then I was given experiments in using the power to materialize objects.

Perhaps I was more stupid than others or my scientific education compelled me to see the wheels go round, anyway I had to have each step explained and proved.

Most of the young men who have been coming in such numbers have not the same Missouri attitude toward life here.

Gone West

They accept the change more naturally and their class work is a delight.

Once in awhile for a furlough I have been permitted to take a group in hand and I give my raw recruits their first lessons. Army discipline still prevails and it is well. Much homesickness is avoided when one has companionship of one's own age and kind.

I am still in the primary class in the use of thought forces and in most of the great studies which appear to be the vital philosophies here. As I have told you, I only await my release from duty to go on toward the heights which I know await me.

Most of the boys accept the situation simply and respond cheerfully. Not many feel rebellious, and when they discover the great handicaps of time and space limitations have been removed,

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they feel as I imagine an aviator feels when taking his first successful flight; in fact the flying corps is the advance guard among the new arrivals. They know much intuitively. Most of them are fellows who did not wait long between incarnations, I am told, and those here are preparing to aid the young aviators on earth. They seem to think there is a wonderful development just dawning on earth for that field of study and they see how their work here can help it along.

I once supposed this life was one of perpetual rest. It was a surprise to find it a life of perpetual work and activity. Every day brings newer and more delightful problems to be solved and I often feel like the children on Christmas Eve, I can scarcely wait for the new revelation.

I have a feeling I may have over-em-

Gone West

phasized the depression our boys experience when they discover the blindness and deafness of their loved ones on earth. I can't change my statements in that regard, but I want to tell you one more story to show you what happiness a little recognition gives.

The other night when I permitted a few lads to observe our work they could scarcely contain themselves for joy. One of them announced he would make his sister hear him now if he had to move his house to do it. He went home and began a series of experiments that have had the effect of starting his whole family investigating the possibility of intercommunication. It is something to have given one boy this encouragement and many more are to feel the influence of your work; you see there are several kinds of war work.

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You have always mourned your inability to go to France and minister there. You will find your evenings, given so willingly, will shed a far reaching blessing. It is another case of pouring the precious oil. You mothers have the Mary's privilege.

I have been thinking over the title for my book and consulted the boys about it. They were unanimous for "Gone West" and I grow to like it more and more. It implies what our transition is—another big adventure, and the Great Divide is no more appalling from our side than the one which separates your continent East from West.

One evening just as the sun was coloring the western sky with a great blaze of glory some of the boys and I watched the pageant from a hill top and talked of

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life before this rebirth, and the meaning of it all. One of them made a remark worth recording. He looked first at his comrades then far away as if seeing another different scene and said, "The girls and boys at home are now having their evening meal. They are wondering if they will know me when they come over and I can hear little sister ask if I wear wings. They think of me as some angelic creature, I suppose. Wouldn't it be an awful jolt if they could see me in my uniform, dreaming pipe dreams just as I once did at home! That is one good thing about this condition, it is a place where dreams come true. I begin to see how some of mine are already realities, and more only wait around the corner for fulfillment. I never had a chance at music and it seems to be the most everyday experience to hear marvelous orches-

Gone West

tras. I loved pictures, particularly the ones of exquisite colorings, but I never dreamed of such colors as we know exist all about us. That field of flowers has no counterpart on earth, or else my eyes did not behold its glories there."

I explained to him that particular field was one on earth only now his eyes were capable of discerning so many finer vibrations of color that he could see the glory not perceived by those in the earth life.

We continually find ourselves feeling sorry for you because your limited senses do not permit you to see, feel or smell some delightful object which lies right in your paths. I often feel you do smell our perfumed flowers but do not know from whence the exquisite odors come.

The boys have asked me to emphasize one point in regard to psychic investiga-

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tion. There might be danger of course in giving up one's self too completely to spirit control, but that is not necessary. Use common sense.

If you were investigating electricity you would not put the volts through your body to see how many you could stand without being killed. You would not devote all of your life to that one study to the detriment of every other interest. But if you found it a vital, absorbing, useful study you would give it the time and mentality you felt its worth deserved.

That is my plea for psychic research. Some people have gone insane over it. So some have over every other interesting subject. There are always unbalanced people investigating intercommunication as well as physiology, geology or any other ology. That doesn't prevent the sane minds of rational people

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from giving each the investigation its merits.

We only ask the same consideration for this most vital question that you would give to the study of the development of a bug or a tree. When you think of it there is nothing so certain to be experienced by every individual as Death. Why not find out how simple a life episode it is and help the race to overcome its hideous fear of this bugaboo? That is all it is, and as I can prove after going through the experience, there is really no such thing—just Life—and then more Life.

I find the usual results in telling our experiences here, have been to call a world of scoffing criticism upon the courageous souls who have been willing to make public their knowledge.

Why is it absurd to believe you are

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still you, no better and no worse by losing the frail earthly garment? I found I still wanted my same old pastimes and more, my dear old friends. We did not find ourselves in a Heaven of golden streets; just a world of beautiful fields and forests, streams and lakes as you have. In fact we have a super enjoyment of your nature world. How long we stay near you is still unknown to me.

We go beyond the earth environment I know, when our work is completed here, but can come back when called, and I for one shall keep a keen interest in all affairs touching my dear ones as long as they remain on your plane.

Love is the great magnet through all eternity; we can never lose one another.

It is difficult to decide what are the most vital things to give in so small a

Gone West

volume as this. I have consulted the boys and followed their suggestions as far as possible. The whole burden of their song is "Tell our folks we are alive and have not changed since they saw us."

I feel more is needed however and that you should have a more definite idea of the experiences that await you when you take the little journey into the unknown.

You will find your world seems wholly artificial and this one the only reality. That we can make our environment is more apparent to us here, but that is a lesson you are already learning on earth. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" is beginning, after many centuries, to be taken literally.

I applied some metaphysical principles without understanding the law when I was practicing medicine on earth, but I now realize I could have accomplished

Gone West

vastly more had I obtained even an inkling of what I now know. Not that one should neglect one's material body, far from it, but one should recognize it for what it is, a grosser vibration of spiritual force than any other body we use. All through eternity as far as I can learn we have a body, and several of them are worn while on earth, if one can speak of so integral a part of a human being.

I have just been telling a class of boys something like this, and one of the chaps said it gave him the tired feeling he had on a march with all his accouterment on his back. Well, it is like that just the same. It is probably fortunate we are not conscious of all the facts all the time.

I hear you debating how we live and whether we eat and drink and earn our living. At the risk of giving false im-

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pressions let me tell you we have sensations. Every sense you possess is continued in a higher vibration. We eat, drink, and we work—that is all who are progressing do—not for a living however, but because work is the law of progress, and excepting those who come over in a state of inertia, all have an increased desire to do something.

There is much to learn at first, always in fact, only the majority are wholly unprepared for the naturalness of life and need to have the most simple acts of every-day living explained to them. I have known people who refused to walk because they were angels and should have wings. I have known others who believed they were immediately to be escorted to a grand throne room to present their books of character. They were rather nervous about it, too, and with

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reason: to find they must just go on living, working, serving, growing in godliness through all eternity was a terrible blow.

The first instruction we receive is in the use of our new bodily powers. We are not helpless infants, but are more in the condition in which an invalid finds himself after a prolonged illness when again attempting to walk. You know many have the experience of learning over again. With their mature minds it is a question of days not years—so it is here. We come over with our mentality as matured as when we left earth, but with bodies in which we have been living but not using, so we often need to go to school or have special instructors.

When one dies naturally in one's bed, friends here usually know the hour of leaving and are prepared to receive and

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assist the newcomer, but in the holocaust of battle this is not often possible, therefore the organization and continued army life is essential. I knew a boy who came over prepared for harps and streets of gold and resigned to his fate apparently. Not finding them was a blow at first but finally he cheered himself with the thought he could still play hookey from camp and jolly his mates. He says he prefers an orthodox Heaven, it relieves one of much responsibility, but he is enjoying the shock he expects to give his relatives when they come; a sense of humor, you see, is not lost because one changes one's outer garments.

In the case of one coming over with impaired mentality the period of rest and awakening takes longer.

Some come with enlightened minds knowing something of what the new day

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of life must be and their joy is fulfilled for our opportunities are great, our teachers of the world's elect. When one sees the depths and heights of knowledge and blessedness to which one can attain, the struggles we have made on earth seem worth while.

The soldiers come in the prime of life with all powers keenly alive therefore need but little time to get their mental balance, and when they come in companies as some have done in the worst battles, each seeing no change in the other, the adjustment is easier. Then too these lads come without iron clad prejudices and their growth is astounding. Not many have been permitted individual separate living because we needed to keep up the organization spirit as long as the war lasted.

I believe now we also shall be demo-

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bilized and allowed to seek the goals of which we long have dreamed.

One boy who came over not long ago told me he was a "Down and outer" on earth. "Why," said I. "You don't look it." "No, Doctor, I had my big chance,—and thank God, I took it. I need not have gone to the front. The family had influence that would have given me a safe chair in a war office. I had my fight out with myself one night, chose the army, was sent over with the first contingent and in my first night 'Over the Top,' 'I got mine' and I found myself. I suppose Dad is mourning because he let me do it, but if he only knew he helped make a man of me he would be happy instead of sorrowful."

After four years of this life I find my old outlook becoming vague, this life is so absorbing and natural.

Gone West

I have been thinking of our little book and what I should tell and leave untold. It is difficult to judge of the importance from a reader's point of view, but all I want "to put over," as the boys say, is the reality of our living here and now and the fact that the life being continuous brings this next chapter of necessity close upon the last one, so we can touch minds and sometimes hands and always hearts if the old world will only wake up and open its eyes to the reality.

Am I repeating this too often? Forgive me, I still remember an aching heart for many years upon earth. If I can relieve that pain one day for one sad soul the mission of my little tract will be fulfilled.

We have colleges, universities and schools of all sorts to meet every need

Gone West

and the lads are usually glad to put themselves under the masters who can give them more knowledge. The lack of preparation for this life makes it absolutely essential that nearly every one have a teacher. To be taught all of your earth life the delightful but untruthful conception of the after life, which makes it a state of eternal bliss without effort or striving of any sort on the part of the sojourner, then to find you must start in at once to learn how to adjust yourself to an entirely different existence, more natural though it be, is often perplexing and many times absolutely incomprehensible, especially to those who have died at an advanced age.

The boys take more for granted, and I have found most of them delighted to learn that they are still boys with the same good and bad propensities.

Gone West

At one of the schools the other day a group of fellows was watching the development of the chemical action of a peculiar gas on a garden on the earth. We often try such experiments, and when you see a man unusually successful in horticulture you would find he has the added assistance of a group of students here. He probably is receptive to their suggestions, or else his garden offers some special opportunities for experiments.

To do any work successfully on the earth plane demands coöperation. Many of your great inventors are conscious or unconscious mediums. I give this slight suggestion to show you what work we often follow until time and necessity and our own spiritual development make us go to other fields—"Other Mansions." They are waiting through all eternity.

PEGGY'S LETTER

One evening the Doctor brought his young friend Peggy to hear his book read, and Peggy adds a letter.

I have been listening to Doctor's book with perfect delight. Isn't it splendid! I am wild about it but there is one point he must make stronger, and that is in regard to what the families of the boys should do. It's pitiful the way most people are treated when they come here, positively brutal, if you didn't know how ignorant they on earth are and how unintentional it all is.

There is S, his mother mourns so dreadfully he hates to go home! Can't some one tell her to stop it and talk to him like a human mother?

Gone West

I've made the first trip home with many boys. How I always dread it! I can greet them as they come over with all the smiles in the world and we have had some very happy awakenings, but when the homecoming begins I want to run away.

Now, you dear ones made a party for me, at least you kept a continual house warming and I never felt left out in the cold.

Of course we don't enjoy funerals and crepe and tears, who would? If the families would occasionally leave a chair at the table for us—have a fête day of good times in our honor, in fact give us a birthday cake once in a while we'd want to stay at home more.

I have in mind a boy I saw some months ago. He was such a dear jolly thing, all jokes and full of fun. We had

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a regular frolic over the fields out to the lovely place where he was taken to rest, and he confided to me that his dad was a regular pal and his mother was the dearest girl and his sister the sweetest bit of joy a chap could ever want to know. He said they were a plucky lot, too, never cried when he went away so of course they'd feel more pride than sorrow that he won his croix de guerre and then came West.

I was sick at heart when I found I was the one who had to go home with him. First place, every mortal in that town must have decided to give him a handsome funeral, even if they couldn't get him in a coffin. The house was reeking with flowers, nasty old flowers too, with funeral bows on them; not one lovely field fairy he loved.

Well, his mother and even that dear

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little sister were draped in black and the father had a gold star on his sleeve. That nearly finished the boy.

He couldn't see how natural it was. He asked if every fellow got that sort of a welcome home and actually he was ill for weeks and no coaxing could get him back to his old home.

I feel terribly for the mother, she has put all the barriers she can between them but what can one do? They think they are not treating their boys with due respect when they welcome them like human beings.

If Doctor can get the least glimmer of an idea into any one's head that the door is being successfully barred to any return of the boys by such misery, this book will more than fulfill its mission.

I wish every mother, on Christmas Eve, would burn a candle in the window for

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her boy and all boys, and I promise you wherever it is seen there will be a happy gathering this Yuletide. You dear people must have a Christmas Eve party for all lonesome boys and let me invite them. What loves you are, anyhow.

PEGGY.

DOCTOR CONTINUES

I hoped I had made the boys' point of view strong enough, but Peggy's letter makes it so much stronger I have begged her to let me insert it as it was given you. She is willing, for the dear girl has been much wrought up over the affairs of the boys. She has had more of that work to do than I have, so grasps the need. My time has been taken more with their awakening and first adjustments. I have not had quite so many harrowing experiences. She knows whereof she speaks for it fairly wore her out in the early days.

I once ordered her home for weeks because she could not endure the mental

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suffering. She has attained much poise and is a power and rock to lean upon, I do assure you. I wish you could see how my lads adore her; they call her "Madonna."

DECEMBER 6, DOCTOR'S BIRTHDAY

Now the war is over, strange vibrations of disturbing and inharmonious conditions on earth are seen and felt by us. There are most peculiar color combinations visible when one gets a view of the earth in perspective. It is an interesting experience to do what I was led to investigate a few days ago.

My guide asked me to take a journey around the world to observe the group emotions made visible in color. It was an experience not unlike the journey I made from the Temple of Light. We had to avoid certain enemy sections but

Gone West

I saw Turkey as a land of clouded reds and purples, dull, horrid colors. Belgium was pure blue and Rumania the most exquisite turquoise. These colors it seems are symbolic of the cosmic consciousness controlling the minds of those countries. I would like to tell you all I heard about the immense value of the sound waves emanating from the United States. The community sings are having a great psychic significance. They are attended by crowds of people from this life, and particularly by the soldiers who have come over.

They say they get more comfort from those big musical fêtes than from anything that is being done for them on earth. The usual memorial service they avoid as they do a cemetery. If any one wants to hold a memorial service for our lads who have given their lives for their

Gone West

country, and wishes them to come to the meeting, tell them to make it as gay and joyful a sing as possible.

As I think over the pages of my little book they seem most inadequate. I can tell so little and perhaps not one thing sorrowing mothers want to hear, and what I have written may be misleading. Just suppose you had never left your house and you asked ten different people what the world outside was like: would their answers be much alike? I am giving a few impressions gleaned from my own experience and some day I might change many of them, but this is the way life looks to me this December of 1918 after four years spent mostly on or near the battle-fields of Europe.

My first horror has long been passed. I have a saner outlook on this cataclysm. Never ceasing to regret its happening,

Gone West

but now understanding it had to be; for all life is law and when nations disobey the law, they must suffer or the world would go deeper into a slough of misery.

Life is one life, death is the opening of the windows of a darkened cell.

I have good news for you, it comes as a birthday gift. I received my discharge to-day. I am now on the reserve list, as it were, ready to be called in time of need but my badge for honorable service has been given to me, and I am now privileged to conduct my life again according as my desires dictate. You know how happy I am to begin my studies again in the great sciences which most affect mankind in its journey through the many planes of its progression.

I hope to go far in my research and travels, but know always I shall hear the call of my loved ones, and a need or wish

Gone West

to speak to me will bring me from the uttermost parts of the universe.

I shall often drop in for a family chat and for many years I shall devote much time to helping my boys if they need me. Even here we are not beyond the necessity of a friendly lift over crooked stiles.

This is only good night. A star beckons me on. When you gaze at the sky at night, know the universe is as full of friendly souls as the heavens are of stars. Au revoir and God bless you.

THE END





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